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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insert... \$1.00. Two Squares, one inch, one year... \$15.00.

A Thanksgiving. I bring my hymn of thankfulness To Thee, dear Lord, to-day; Though not for joy Thy name I bless...

Half way up Breakneck, so towering and asseverate a hill that anywhere but in New Hampshire it must have been a mountain. Even now its claims to that title were not to be disregarded.

pot from the shelf, and proceeded to scold it. "As sure as I'm a living sinner, I'll break it if you put it on the fire," said Miss Diantha, a new grimace in voice and eye.

quiry in the same unvarying words: "We thought we'd each hev a change." She took up her life on the hill as if born to the place, and to the astonishment of every one, Miss Diantha accepted the change with no break in the immovable silence.

ominous rustle, as if then and there judgment must be had on those who had lain on it a burden too heavy to be ne. "Miss Diantha stood by the grave until the last shovelful of earth had been lain on, then turned and walked home, stopping for a moment at the village store.

The Frog and the Lily. In arching woods of pine and oak, Through which the cheerful sunlight breaks, A pond long lay, by soft winds swept, And on its bosom lilies slept.

THE MISSES TEMPLETON'S TEAPOTS.

"Well, if it don't beat all! I'm struck all of a heap!" "An' what's more," pursued the striker, leaning a little further from his wagon, and speaking through tightly shut teeth, as if thereby the sound would be prevented from passing beyond the listener's ears.

Years had thinned Miss Chloe's hair, sharpened still more the nose sharp in the beginning, tipped it with a frosty red, and printed crow's-feet about the faded blue eyes, always a little perplexed and troubled—always gentle and apologetic, and filling with tears as quickly as in her silent and sensitive girlhood.

The three caddies had filled at once, the time for some decisive action on her part seeming to have come at last beyond any question, and daily she took down the three teapots, hidden for years in the recesses of the upper shelf of the china closet—one old blue, the last piece of a set long ago scattered or destroyed; one a tiny Wedgwood, a great-aunt's property, and last, the bronze-colored earthen their mother had sometimes used.

"Who?" "Miss Althea had risen, and stood now, fierce and rigid, clutching the frightened boy as she spoke. "Miss Templeton," he said, struggling away, "Hiram told me to get you a team."

Courtship at a Long Range. A comical matter has been made public in Montreal by some legal proceedings. A retired major of the British army had four daughters who moved in good society in that city. They all entered into correspondence with a retired clergyman of London, whose mind was somewhat enfeebled, but who enjoyed an income of \$15,000.

RUMOR OF THE DAY. The saddle horse knows enough of arithmetic to carry one. A man, being tormented with corns, kicked his foot through a window, and the pane was gone instantly.